

11 Weird, Spooky, Supernatural Stories

The

BEYOND

NOV. 10c

GHOUL! YOU HAVE
STOLEN FROM THE GRAVE
—AND BROUGHT ABOUT YOUR
EVERLASTING DAMNATION!
GO—AND BE CURSED!



IN THE COILS OF THE *Python Queen*



HARLEY DOLAN HAD COME TO INDIA WITH A SMALL EXPEDITION TO BATHER A NEW GROUP OF SNAKE SHAKES FOR HIS CIRCUS. HE ALSO PLANNED TO LOOK FOR A BEAUTIFUL NATIVE GIRL TO APPEAR WITH THE SNAKES IN A FEATURE ACT. AN AMERICAN LIVING IN INDIA TOLD HIM ABOUT A GROUP OF NATIVES KNOWN AS THE "PYTHON PEOPLE" AND WHOSE RELIGION WAS THE WORSHIP OF THE PYTHON.

I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET EVERYTHING I'M LOOKING FOR DOWN THERE. NOW FOR SNAKES TO HELP US CAPTURE SOME BIG PYTHONS—AND A GIRL FROM THIS TRIBE WOULD BE JUST EXACTLY THE RIGHT DRIVING CARD FOR THE SNAKE ACT I HAVE IN MIND!

FORGET IT, PAL! THEY WOULDN'T SUDE YOU TO ANY PYTHONS!



THEY REGARD THOSE CREEPING HORRORS AS RELATIVES AND FEEL IT'S THEIR DUTY TO PROTECT THEM. THE OTHER NATIVES THINK THE PYTHON PEOPLE CAN CHANGE THEMSELVES INTO SNAKES AND IN THAT FORM SEIZE AND DEVOUR VICTIMS!

I WANT A LOT
OF DISTANCE
BETWEEN ME
AND THE PYTHON
PEOPLE! BOSS—
BYE AND GOOD
LUCK.



WELL, BROWN?
WHAT DIALECT DO
THESE PEOPLE
SPEAK? HOW
WILL I MAKE
MYSELF
UNDERSTOOD?

YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT!
THE YOUNG GRIFF AND HIS WIFE
WERE BOTH EDUCATED IN ENGLAND,
I UNDERSTAND. BUT THIS CRAZY
WOMAN OF THEIRS GETS SUCH
A HOLD ON THEM, NONE EVER
REALLY THROWS IT OFF.



*AFTER BROWN LEFT THEM, HARLEY
SOLAN AND HIS PARTY CONTINUED
ON THEIR WAY TO THE VILLAGE.*

I CAN'T IMAGINE A MAN LIKE BROWN
ARRIVES OF THE PLACE? BUT IN
SPITE OF HIS WARNINGS, I'M GLAD
HE AT LEAST KNEW ABOUT THESE
PEOPLE AND LED US HERE!



LOOK AT THAT TEMPLE!
I'LL USE ONE JUST LIKE IT
IN THE SNAKE ACT---IT'LL
BE A SENSATION!



MAYBE BROWN WAS RIGHT,
BOSS. I'VE GOT A CREEPY
FEEL IN ABOUT THIS PLACE---
AS THOUGH WE WERE BEIN'
WATCHED ALL THE TIME!

DON'T BE A SUCKER, MART! THAT'S JUST
LOWBROW SUPERSTITION! WHEN WE SHOW THE
PYTHON PEOPLE REAL U.S. FOLDING MONEY---
WE'LL GET ALL THE GUIDES AND ALL THE BIG
SNAKES WE WANT!



*IF HARLEY COULD HAVE LOOKED INSIDE THE
TEMPLE AT THAT MOMENT, HE MIGHT NOT HAVE
BEEN SO SURE OF HIMSELF!*

STRANGERS APPROACH! MOLLUSCS,
MY BELOVED, BEWARE! THERE IS
A MESSAGE OF ILL-OMEN IN THE
SMOKE OF THE INCENSE!



BOSS! WW!
BOSS!
LOOK OUT!

WOAH! THAT PYTHON!
MUST BE TWENTY
FEET LONG! JUST THE
KIND WE WANT!



WE CAN'T POOL AROUND
TRYING TO TAKE THIS ONE ALIVE
--- WE'D BETTER KILL IT QUICK
BEFORE IT GETS ONE OF US!

AS HARLEY'S MAN FROD, THE PYTHON BECAME
TO SCREAM WITH ALMOST HUMAN AGONY.



GOT IT!

AS THE GANT
REPTILE THRESHED
ABOUT IN ITS
DEATH AGONY, IT
WAS AS THOUGH
A STORM HIT
THE LITTLE
THOUGHT ON THE
OUTSKIRTS OF
THE VILLAGE.

WHAT A MONSTER!
SET OUT OF ITS
WAY! IT COULD
STILL CRUSH US
TO A PULP!

IF WE COULD ONLY
HAVE GOTTEN IT
ALIVE! BUT WE'LL
DRAW IT BACK TO
CAMP AND STUFF IT!



LOOK/COMING
OUT AT US FROM
EVERYWHERE /
PYTHONS! RUN!
RUN! WE COULD
NEVER KILL
THEM ALL!

THEY GET LIKE
THEY'RE
PROTECTING
THE BODY OF
THE PYTHON
WE KILLED!

EEK! T-THEY GOT MARB
AND GAVE / WE COULDN'T
POSSIBLY SAVE THEM!
IT-IT'S HORRIBLE!

EEEEOWWWW!



THAT NIGHT, BACK IN HIS OWN CAMP

WE'LL GO BACK TO
SOMEBODY... HIRE NEW
MEN! I'VE GOT TO
HAVE SOME OF THOSE
LIVE PYTHON! THE
PUBLIC WILL PAY
GOOD MONEY TO SEE
MAN-KILLING DEVILS
LIKE THAT!

YOU'LL
NEVER
GET ME
BACK
THERE
AGAIN!



I'LL GO BACK IF I HAVE TO GO ALONE / I-I
HAVE TO GO BACK! I DON'T KNOW WHY--- BUT
I HAVE TO GO THROUGH WITH THIS THING! AND
EVEN IF I DON'T WANT TO GO BACK---
SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE MAKING ME!

IN THE MEANTIME, A STRANGE SCENE WAS TAKING
PLACE IN THE TEMPLE BACK IN THE VILLAGE OF THE
PYTHON PEOPLE.

THERE ARE THINGS NO ONE MAY
PAY INTO WITHOUT PAYING THE FULL PRICE---
AND THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR YOUR DEATH
SHALL PAY MOURN, BELIEVED! AND IT WILL
NOT BE THE QUICK DEATH METED OUT TO HIS
FOLLOWERS, THAT I NOW / THE SPELL OF
THE PYTHON IS ALREADY UPON HIM!



WITH MEN WHO KNEW NOTHING OF THE FATE OF HIS FIRST EXPEDITION, HARLEY WENT BACK TO THE VILLAGE OF THE PYTHON PEOPLE.

YOU HAVE ARRIVED AT OUR VILLAGE DURING A BAD TIME, MY FRIENDS. WE ARE MOURNING THE DEATH OF MY HUSBAND, MOLURUS, HEREDITARY KING AND CHIEF OF THE PYTHON PEOPLE.



HARLEY WAS INSTANTLY STRUCK BY THE EXOTIC BEAUTY OF THE YOUNG WOMAN.

MY HUSBAND WAS KILLED IN A HUNTING ACCIDENT A SHORT TIME AGO. MY NAME IS BOGAE AND I NOW RULE OUR PEOPLE ALONE. WHAT DO YOU WISH HERE?



A BEAUTIFUL GIRL LIKE YOU SHOULDN'T BE BURIED IN A SPOT LIKE THIS! WHY DON'T YOU COME BACK TO AMERICA WITH ME? I'LL MAKE YOU THE STAR OF MY SHOW—YOU'LL BE A SENSATION!

TO HARLEY'S DELIGHT BOGAE ACCEPTED HIS OFFER. WITH BOGAE AND SEVERAL CAGES OF LIVE PYTHONS THAT THE PEOPLE OF HER VILLAGE SECURED FOR HIM, HE SAILED FOR THE U.S. BOGAE WAS AS MUCH OF A SENSATION AS HARLEY HAD KNOWN SHE WOULD BE.

AND HE TELL MORE AND MORE BENEATH HER SPELL.



I TOLD YOU I'D MAKE YOU A STAR—AND I HAVE! AND I CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER TO TELL YOU THAT I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU. I WANT TO MAKE YOU MY WIFE.

YOU ARE SURE THAT IS WHAT YOU WANT, MY FRIEND?

AS HARLEY PULLED THE ORL TO HIM, SHE SEEMED TO CHANGE IN HIS ARMS.

OF COURSE THAT'S WHAT I WANT—MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD AND—EEEOOWW!

YOU WANT SOMEBODY MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD? THEN YOU SHALL HAVE HER!



IT—IT'S A NIGHTMARE! WAAAH! I—I CAN'T BREATHE! Y—YOU'RE CRUSHING ME!

I THOUGHT YOU WANTED MY EMBRACE! HELLO!



AS THE PYTHON SLOWLY FRIGHTENED ITS COILS, HARLEY LOST CONSCIOUSNESS.

THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING, HARLEY DOLAN...



THROUGH THE DARKNESS OF EXORCISTORUM MAN, A
WORLD OF CREEPING HORROR REIGNED OUT TO CONSUME
HARLEY.

UGH!! I—I CAN NEVER GET AWAY FROM
THOSE SLIMY DEVOURING MOUTH!!

SLOWLY THE DARKNESS AND HORROR FADED...

W-WHAT HAPPENED?
AAAY!! LET ME GO!
OH, NO! IT—IT
COULDN'T BE!

MY DEAR FRIEND!
YOU WERE TELLING
ME YOU LOVED ME...
AND SUDDENLY YOU
FELL TO THE FLOOR
IN A PANT!

Y-YOU—IT WAS
HORRIBLE... BUT
IT COULDN'T BE
REAL!

HARLEY! DO
NOT LOOK AT
ME SO! YOU
MUST BE ILL!
THAT IS WHY
YOU Fainted!

YES! YES! THAT'S IT! I—I'M
ILL! IT'S BETTER SET
A DOCTOR!

YES, OF
COURSE! YOU MUST
GO SEE A DOCTOR!

SUCH A THING COULDN'T HAVE
HAPPENED! I—I'M GOING CRAZY!
NO! DAE IS A BEAUTIFUL GIRL...
I—I'M IN LOVE WITH HER. I
MUST HAVE PYTHONS ON
THE BRAIN!

HAISE I'M JUST GETTING THE FULL SHOCK
OF SEEING THOSE PYTHONS SEIZE MY MEN!
IT DIDN'T HIT ME SO HARD AT THE TIME, I
WAS SO ANXIOUS TO GET SOME OF THOSE
GIANT SNAKES FOR MY SHOW!

NOW I WONDER HOW A SORCEROUS
GIRL LIKE SOIDAE CAN BEAR TO
TOUCH THESE THINGS! AND WHAT
IS THE POWER THAT KEEPS THEM
FROM HARMING HER?

MR DOLAN! I
GOTTA TALK
TO YOU!



LOOK, BOSS...
SOMEBODY ELSE
DISAPPEARED FROM
THE CIRCUS LAST
NIGHT / WE OUGHT
TO REPORT THESE
DISAPPEARANCES
TO THE AUTHOR-
ITIES.

NO / NO /
I TOLD YOU
THESE
PEOPLE MUST
HAVE JUST
DECIDED TO
QUIT AND
WALKED OFF /



PEOPLE DON'T JUST QUIT
LIKE THAT WITHOUT THEIR
PAY . . . AND YOU KNOW IT, MR.
DOLAN. THERE'S SOMETHING
FUNNY GOING ON /



EVERYBODY'S SCARED OF THEM
PYTHONS. THERE'S QUACK SOUNDS
AROUND HERE AT NIGHT—LIKE
GRANLING THINGS—AND THERE'S
MARKS IN THE DIRT IN THE
MORNINGS . . . AND I'VE SEEN THAT
GIRL, COME BACK AND FORTH TO
THE SNARE CAGE AT NIGHT.

YOU'RE TALKING
LIKE A
FOOL /



ONLY / MAYBE IT DON'T
MAKE SENSE—BUT THERE'S
SOME OF US THINK THAT GIRL
LETS THEM THROU OUT AT
NIGHT / NOT TAKING ANY
CHANCES—WE'VE GOT
THESE READY
FOR USE /

I DON'T BELIEVE
THE PYTHONS CAN
GET OUT—BUT IF
ONE OF THEM SHOULD
—SHOOT TO KILL /

HA / HA /



*HARLEY WENT BACK TO HIS HOTEL ROOM TO
THINK THINGS OUT.*

I—-I FEEL STRANGE . . . AND THOSE CRAZY
THINGS HAPPENING TODAY . . .
BOIDAS CHANGING INTO A PYTHON
—AND JOHNSON'S BELIEF THAT
SHE LETS THE SNAKES OUT AT
NIGHT / BROWN SAID THE NATIVES
BELIEVE THE PYTHON PEOPLE CAN
CHANGE THEMSELVES
INTO SNAKES /



WHAT YOUR FRIEND
TOLD YOU IS TRUE
INDEED, HARLEY
DOLAN / LOOK IN
YOUR MIRROR
AND SEE /

W—WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE ?
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO
ME ? WHY DO I
FEEL LIKE THIS ?



THE ENRAGE OF THE
PYTHON QUEEN HAS MADE YOU
ONE OF THE PYTHON PEOPLE .
IN A FEW MINUTES YOU
WILL CHANGE COMPLETELY /

NO /...NO /



TRUE TALES of the SUPERNATURAL

#45

"STRANGE PLANTS BEGAN GROWING AROUND THE VILLAGE AND SOON BECAME ASTONISHING HEIGHTS."



YEARS AGO, AN EXPLORER CAME UPON A TOMB IN THE WILDERNESS OF THE MALAYAN JUNGLE. THE TOMB WAS CENTURIES OLD AND THE WRITINGS FOUND IN IT REVEALED A MACABRE TALE . . .

"THIS TABLET DESCRIBES AN INVASION OF THIS VILLAGE BY HUMIN PLANTS HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO!"



"THE GIANTIC PLANTS SOON CHOKED OFF OUR FIELDS OF GRAIN AND WERE CAPABLE CHOKING OUR TREES FADING AND STAMINATION. WE DECIDED TO KILL OFF THIS DEADLY GROWTH."



"BUT WHEN OUR WARRIORS BEGAN TO BACK DOWN THE EVILER THINGS, THEY CAME TO LIFE AND ATTACKED THEM."



"SOON THE ENTIRE VILLAGE WAS DEMOLISHED AND OUR RED-LEAF FOLDED."

"I AM THE LAST LIVING MEMBER OF THE TRIBE AND I MUST RECORD THIS EVENT BEFORE THE PLANTS THAT ARE CREEPING INTO THE TOMB TO GET ME."



"IT LOOKS LIKE THE POOR DEVIL TOLD THE TRUTH! I MUST REPORT THIS, BUT HOW COULD THERE BE PLANTS THAT KILL LIKE ANIMALS?"



"AHH! THE PLANTS! THEY'RE ALIVE! . . . AARGGHHH!"



"THE UNDE-
LIVERED
PLANT OF
HORROR
STUCK AGAIN!
AFTER CENTURIES
OF LING DORMANT,
THE EVIL WEEDS
AGAIN CLAIMED
ANOTHER VICTIM!
THE MONSTER BEING
WAS STUDIED AND
ENTERED INTO THE
FILES OF THE
STRANGE AND UN-
EXPLAINED MYSTER-
IES!"

THE END

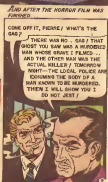
HAL WARREN, A YOUNG AND BUBBLING TV CAMERAMAN, THOUGHT IT WAS ALMOST A WAGTAIL WHEN HIS NETWORK SENT HIM TO PARIS TO FILM "ON LOCATION" HORROR PICTURES... BUT THE HORROR HE RAN INTO WAS MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR WHEN DEMONS OF THE PAST ROSE UP FROM THEIR ANCIENT DIRT'S IN A VENGEANCE FROM THE BEYOND. . .

the UNSLEEPING DEAD



IT FIRST STARTED WHEN HAL WARREN RECEIVED AN URGENT SUMMONS FROM PIERRE CASSEVERE-- A FRIEND HE HAD NOT SEEN FOR MANY YEARS...





YES, HAL SCOPED,
BUT THE NEXT NIGHT
CURIOSITY MADE HIM
FOLLOW HER TO
AN OLD AND NEGLECTED
CEMETERY ON THE
OUTSKIRTS OF AUST.



I STILL SAY
THIS IS
A LOT OF
NOISE!!

PERHAPS, BUT
SOON YOUR EYES
WILL SEE WHAT
ONLY THIS MAGIC
CAMERA CAN SEE AND
THE MURDERER CAN
SEE / WATCH WHILE I
- FILM THIS SCENE!



PERHAPS TRAINED THE LENS ON THE
MURDER SCENE...A SCENE THAT
ONLY THE MURDERER COULD SEE...
BUT A PICTURE THAT FILM WOULD
RECORD!



JULIAN ROSSETT I AM RELEASED
FROM MY GRAVE! A GRAVE THAT
YOU MADE FOR ME! BUT NOW
YOU ARE DOOMED!

NON, NON!
I DID NOT MEAN
TO KILL YOU!



CONFESS, CONFESS YOUR
GUILT!

STOP! I CONFESS!
I- I DID IT! I
KILLED YOU! NOW
GO AWAY!



AND THE CAMERA LENS THEN RECAPTURED THE
ORIGINAL MURDER SCENE...

YOU CANNOT ESCAPE,
JULIAN! I WILL FOLLOW
YOU FROM THE GRAVE
AND... A HRRROO!

BAH! WHO WOULD
EVER GUESS THAT I
DID THIS? I AM THE
SPECTER OF THE
POLICE, NON AMI?



YOU HEARD THE OFFICER,
HAL? HE WOULD NOT CONFESS
IF SOMEONE DID NOT ACCUSE
HIM! THAT SOMEONE IS THE
SHOOT...THE GHOST IN
MY FILM!

I DON'T SEE ANY-
THING! THOUGH
MAYBE HE DID!
O'MON, LET'S
DEVELOP THE FILM
IN YOUR SO-CALLED
MAGIC CAMERA!



AND HOURS LATER...



GOOD GRAY! YOUR GABGET
REALLY WORKS! LOOK AT THAT
CRAZY PICTURE!

BUT IT IS A THING OF
HORROR — A THING TO
BE DESTROYED!



NO, DON'T DO THAT! I'LL THINK
OF SOMETHING TO MAKE IT USEFUL!

IF I HAD THIS CAMERA, WHAT HORROR
SHOWS I COULD PUT ON TV! AND MAYBE
THERE IS SOMETHING I CAN DO ABOUT IT!

BACK IN HIS
HOTEL ROOM, HALL
TOSSED ALL ABOUT
ALL HE COULD
THINK OF WAS HOW
TO GET THAT
CAMERA AND
CLAIM IT AS HIS
OWN! AND THEN,
AS DARK DREW
NEAR, HIS PLAN
BECAME CLEAR...
THIS WAS HIS
CHANCE OF A
LIFETIME, AND
HE DIDN'T
INTEND TO
LOSE IT!



THE NEXT DAY, HALL PUT HIS PLAN TO WORK.

BUT WHY MUST YOU SEE THE BEARDS
HALL, HALP! WHAT IS TO BE DONE
ABOUT THE CAMERA? YOU ARE MY
TRUSTED FRIENDS — I HAVE TOLD NO
ONE ABOUT THE MONSTER I'VE
CREATED...

SMART BOY, PIERRE!
I'LL HANDLE
EVERYTHING!



...LIKE THIS!

STOP! HAVE YOU
GONE MAD? THE
RATE... OHH!



PIERRE SCREAMED WILDLY,
BUT HIS CRIES WENT
UNHEARD!



ASK THE FAY'S FOR HELP, MY
FRIENDS — AND WHILE YOU'RE
DOING IT, I'LL HELP MYSELF TO
YOUR MAGIC CAMERA!



WITH HIS STOLEN CAMERA, HAL WARREN HAD SUCCESS IN HIS GRASP. HE TRAVELED FROM PARIS TO LONDON, THERE TO TRAIN THE MYSTICAL CAMERA ON THE BRINE OF A MAN MURDERED MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO! HAL COULD NEITHER SEE NOR HEAR, BUT WHEN THE FILM WAS DEVELOPED, THE LENS HAD SOLVED THE MYSTERY!



THE EARL OF BOSTWICK
KILLED ME!



THEN, TO THE PERIOD OF THE
RENAISSANCE, WHEN THE BOMBAS
WELD SWAY

IT WAS HIS FALSE TESTI-
MONY THAT CONVICTED ME—
THE FACE BENEATH THE
KILLER'S MASK IS THAT
OF SIND CARDONA!



TO DISTANT CHINA HE
TRAVELED IN HIS QUEST
FOR DRAGONS AND HORROR
PICTURES...



BY MY ANCESTORS I SWEAR
THAT SOME DAY YOU WILL
NOT BE REVEALED!

EVEN THE DUST OF 3000 YEARS
COULD NOT HIDE ITS SECRETS
FROM THE ALL-SEEING EYE OF
THE TV CAMERA.



KING ARTHUR PUT THE
POISON IN MY CUPLET!

IN A 100000 WOMAN'S HUT IN
HATI...



HAIRY! OLD WOMAN,
YOUR SOUL BELONGS TO
THE DEVIL!

YES, TIME AND FORTUNE ARE
NOT HAL WARREN'S, FOR EACH
MURDER FILM HAS SHOWN ON HIS
NETWORK. NOW HE HAS TRULY
THE MASTER OF HORROR!



ON TOP OF THE WORLD I THOUS-
ANDS OF LETTERS AND TELE-
GRAMS PRAISING MY SHOW! ALL
I'VE GOT TO DO IS KEEP FILMING
GRANTS!

YES, HAL WAS AT THE TOP, BUT NOW RATEL IN ITS MYSTERIOUS WAY, CHOSE TO ACT... OFF THE COAST OF FRANCE.

A GOOD CATCH, NOW?

SACRE BLEU! OUR NETS ARE CURSED! LOOK!



DIABBLE! HE WAS NEARLY DEVoured BY RATEL! THROW HIM BACK!

NOW! THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS BURY THE POOR DEVIL! COME!

AND SO IT HAPPENED THAT THE MUTILATED, UNRECOGNIZABLE PIERRE BAGUERRE FINALLY FOUND PEACE AND REST IN AN UNMARKED GRAVE!

MEANWHILE HAL'S FAME WAS SPREADING. HIS TV SHOW WAS THE HIT OF THE OR ANY OTHER SEASON. HISTORIANS CLAMORED FOR HIS SERVICES SO THAT FAMOUS - MURDER MYSTERIES OF THE PAST COULD BE SOLVED. AND HAL WAS GOOFY - NOT ONCE DID HE LET THE MAGIC CAMERA LEAVE HIS HANDS!

BUT ALWAYS THE NEED TO FIND MORE GRAVES OF MURDERED MEN. ONE DAY IN AN Eerie GRAVEYARD ON THE FRENCH COAST.



I'LL GIVE THIS CREEPY PLACE A TRY! WHO KNOWS WHAT THE FILM NIGHT PICK UP!

DID YOU THINK YOU COULD ESCAPE, HAL WARREN? THE DEVIL'S DEVICE I INVENTED NOW BECOMES YOUR DOOM!

I'LL TRY THIS SECTION FIRST, BUT... WHAT'S THAT? ARE MY EYES PLAYING TRICKS? A GHOST IMAGE SEEMS TO BE SEEPING FROM THAT UNMARKED GRAVE!



PIERRET BY SOME FREAK OF RATE I FILMED HIS GRAVE!





GOT TO GET OUT OF
HERE! GO BACK TO YOUR
GRAVE, SHOL! I YOU CAN'T
HARM ME!

NOH—I FOLLOW
YOU TO DEATH!

FEAR-DRAZED, HAL SPED FROM THE GRAVEYARD,
AND IT WASN'T UNTIL DAWN, IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF
PARIS, THAT HE REALIZED WHAT HE MUST DO...

THE SEWER—THAT'S IT! I'LL THROW
THE FILM CARTRIDGE DOWN HERE AND—
WHAT'S THAT?



I'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF MYSELF!
AFTER ALL, THE WAY I KILLED
FERRE IS ONLY ON THE CAMERA
FILM, AND IF I DESTROY THAT
I'M IN THE CLEAR!



YOU AGAIN? BUT I'LL BE
RID OF YOU FOREVER AS SOON AS
I DESTROY--- OH! MY FOOT!
I'M SLIPPING...!

BUT YES,
MOR AM...
AND THAT ONE
SLIP SEND YOU
TO THE SAME DEATH
AS MINE!



AS YOU TOLD ME BEFORE,
ASK THE RATE FOR HELP!
AD REVOIR, M'SEUF!



HAL'S SCREAMS WERE
SOON STILLED, AND
MOMENTS LATER...

I RECOGNIZE THE CAR—IT BELONGS
TO THE FAMOUS AMERICAN, M'SEUF
WARREN! BUT WHY WOULD HE
ABANDON IT HERE?

A MYSTERY, NOCED! BUT
PERHAPS THIS FILM CAR-
TRIDGE BEHIND THE SEWER
GIBBONS MAY PROVIDE
THE ANSWER!

THE FILM WAS DEVELOPED,
AND THE WHOLE BRISTLED
AND EXPOSED, BUT OF ALL
WARREN NO TRACE WAS EVER
FOUND. HE DIED WITH A
DEMON DEVICE, A KILLER'S
CAMERA, AND PERHAPS IT
WAS JUST AS WELL!



THE END

TRUE TALES of the SUPERNATURAL

#46

IN 1888, THE OWNER OF THE CASTLE WAS APPROACHED BY A HORSE-LOOKING HORNEDRACK...

I HAVE WORKED FOR YOU MANY YEARS, SEÑOR, AND I HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOUR DAUGHTER. I WISH TO MARRY HER.

WHA, HA, HA! BEGONE, FOOL! YOU ARE WORTHLESS!



THEIR MYSTERIOUS APPEARANCE THERE IS AS STRANGE AS THE STORIES THEY HOLDING.

BUT THE HORNEDRACK WOULD NOT BE DETERRED.

I'LL CARRY YOU OFF TO THE HILLS AND YOU WILL BE MINE!

NO! NO! YOU'RE UGLY! DETESTABLE! HELP! HELP!



AS THE VILLAGERS SEARCHED FOR THE KIDNAPPER AND HIS VICTIM, THEY TOOK REFUGE IN A CAVE HIDDEN IN THE MOUNTAINS. NERVOUS PRISONERS, AND THE GIRL CAME TO LOVE HER CAPTOR.

OH, PETRO! I HAVE FALLEN SO DEEPLY IN LOVE WITH YOU!

THERE IS MORE TO BEAUTY THAN MERE PHYSICAL APPEARANCE, DEAR ONE.



THE GIRL'S PLEAS WERE IN VAIN. THE HORNEDRACK WAS HUNTED FROM THE CASTLE RAMPARTS. BUT SOON...

TIME PASSED, AND THEY VENTURED FROM THEIR HIDEOUT AND WERE CAPTURED.

YOU WILL HAVE FOR THIS, YOU MISERABLE DEVIL!

RATHER, NO! I LOVE HIM! IF PETRO DIES, I DIE WITH HIM!



AH! PETRO... I JOIN YOU IN DEATH.



BEYOND THE UNBELIEVING EYES OF HER FATHER, THE GIRL'S FEATURES CHANGED. HER BODY SHRANK AND BECAME HORNEDRACK-LIKE. PETRO'S SHE COLLAPSED AND DIED AT THE FEET OF HER LOVER. A YEAR LATER, TWO HORSE-LOOKING HORNESESS RESEMBLING THE TWO LOVERS WERE SEEN MOUNTED ON THE CASTLE. HOW THIS OCCURRED REMAINS A BAFFLING MYSTERY IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPERNATURAL.



THE END

TALISMAN OF THE EVIL BROOD



STORIES OF DEVILS, WITCHES, AND THEIR "FAMILIARS" ARE HANDED DOWN FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION, GOING BACK TO THE OLDEST RECORDS OF TIME - THE EVIL ONES ARE ALL AROUND US, THE LEGENDS SAY, WAITING TO BE CALLED INTO EXISTENCE. THIS IS THE STORY OF RONALD COLBY, NEWSPAPER BOSS'S COLUMNIST. A MAN WHO LAUGHED AT THE LEGENDS, ONLY TO DISCOVER THE HORRIBLE TRUTH OF THE CREATURES OF HELL!

THEN, IN THE MIDST OF HER TRIANCE, ALMOST 43 THOUGH SHE HAD HEARD THE VOICES - PERIOD CONVICTION

YES, I DO HAVE POWERS! AND WITH THEM, I CAN SEE THAT YOU, RONALD COLBY, ARE EVIL. YOU WILL DIE WITHIN THE YEAR, IN A FIRE OF YOUR OWN MAKING!

HOW DARE YOU TALK TO ME LIKE THAT, YOU OLD FRAUD! I DON'T BELIEVE ANY OF YOUR HOORROR-POOBS, AND I'M GOING TO USE MY COLUMN TO RUN YOU OUT OF TOWN!

RONALD... DON'T!



AND SOON...

THESE COLUMNS YOU'VE WRITTEN ABOUT MADAME KHAL HAVE BEEN QUITE BRUTAL!

BUT IT WORKED! THE LAST I HEARD, SHE LEFT TOWN WITHOUT A TRACE! THAT'S ALL I WANTED!

THIS PACKAGE JUST CAME FOR YOU, MR. COLEY.

IT'S FROM MADAME KHAL. I WONDER WHY SHE'D SEND ME SOMETHING?

ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT IS TO OPEN IT.

THE PACKAGE SEEMED TO OPEN, ALMOST BY ITSELF. THERE WAS A RING WITHIN IT—AN OLD-FOUNDED RING—AND WITH IT A NOTE...

WHAT DOES IT SAY, RONALD?

IT'S SOME MORE PAKERY! SHE SAYS SHE SENT ME THE RING BECAUSE SHE KNOWS I HAVE POWER TO DO MUCH GOOD OR EVIL... WHICHEVER I CHOOSE!

IF I WEAR THE RING, IT WILL HELP ME TO DO GOOD... IF THAT IS MY CHOICE. BUT IF I CHOOSE TO DO EVIL, THE RING WILL BRING MY "FAMILIAR" TO ME... WHATEVER THAT MEANS.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?

MEAN IT, OF COURSE! THAT'S WHAT THE OLD BIRD WANTED ME TO DO.

BUT AS HE SLIPPED THE RING, ON HIS FINGER...

HAHAHAHA
DID YOU HEAR THAT?
NO... I DIDN'T HEAR A THING...

MUST HAVE BEEN MY IMAGINATION, ANYWAY. I'D BETTER GET TO WORK. I'VE GOT A LITTLE MORE "EVIL" TO DO... IF MADAME KHAL'S HAND WON'T INTERFERE.

RONALD COLLEY WROTE SOME JUDY SCHWARTZ THAT DAY ... ASKING IT WOULD RUN SOME INNOCENT LIVES. ... AND HE WENT TO BED WITH A VAGUE SENSE OF FOREBODING. THEN, DURING THE NIGHT HE AWOKE SUDDENLY, TO SEE ...

THE SMALL CREATURE SEEMED TO EMBODY THE VERY ESSENCE OF EVIL... AND RONALD WAS TERRIFIED.

W-WHAT? HOW—HOW DID THAT GET IN HERE? WHAT IS IT?



GET OUT OF HERE! GET AWAY!

WHAT IS IT, MR. COLLEY? WHAT'S WRONG?



DO YOU WANT TO ASK? LOOK AT THAT LITTLE MONSTER ... DRINKING AT ME! HELP HE GET RID OF IT!

BUT THERE'S NOTHING THERE, SIR. YOU'RE JUST IMAGINING THINGS.



N—MURDER! AM... BUT IT SEEMS SO REAL

RONALD TRIED TO SLEEP... BUT HE HADN'T TOO SUCCESSFUL. THE NEXT DAY, AT HIS OFFICE, HE STARTED TO WORK ON ANOTHER TYPICAL COLUMN, WHEN...

THE--THE KING! IT--IT'S TIGHTENING ON MY FINGER! I'D BETTER GET RID OF IT!



I—I CAN'T GET IT OFF! AND IT WAS SO LOOSE WHEN I PUT IT ON!



THE COLD FINGERS OF FEAR WERE GRIPPING AT HIM NOW, BUT HE COULDN'T IMAGINE HOW JUSTIFIED THE FEAR WAS, UNTIL HE ARRIVED BACK AT HIS APARTMENT, AND SAW...



NO! TWO OF THEM NOW!

I—I CAN'T GET RID OF THEM!
THEY FOLLOW ME EVERYWHERE!



IT—IT MUST HAVE
SOMETHING TO DO WITH
MADAME KHAL AND THE
RING OF HERPES! I—I
'LL HAVE TO TALK TO
PHIL... HE TOOK ME TO
THIS BRANCH. MAYBE
HE CAN HELP ME!



HOWARD COULD NOT DO OTHER THAN A FEW
WORDS OF WISE TO ASK HIS FOLK, BUT
ONCE HE'D STARTED TO TALK, HIS STORY,
THE MORE HE TALKED, THE MORE HE
WAS...

YOU'RE IN REAL
TROUBLE, HOWARD.
I WISHED YOU HAD
TO TALK WITH
MADAME KHAL.

WHEN SHE SENT
THE RING, SHE SAID
IT WOULD SEND MY
"FAMILIARS" TO ME.
WHAT—WHAT DID
THAT MEAN?



IN THE THEORY OF THE
GOOGLY, A "FAMILIAR" IS A
S-SET OR DEMON THAT ATTACHES
ITSELF TO ONE OF EVIL... MUCH
AS THE CAT THAT'S ALWAYS
SUPPOSED TO BE NEAR A WITCH.
SOME SAY WE ALL HAVE OUR
FAMILIARS, EXCEPT THAT
THEY'RE NOT APPARENT TO US...



THEN THAT'S
WHAT THEY ARE /
MY FAMILIARS...
REPRESENTING
MY EVILS / AND
THERE'S NO
ESCAPE!

TRY TO
FIND
MADAME
KHAL. IT'S
YOUR ONLY
CHANCE.



TAKEN THE WORDS OF MADAME KHAL, A WARNING CAME
DOWN TO HIM.

SHE SAID IT'D BE WITHIN THE
YEAR... IN A FIVE OF MY OWN MAKING. IF—IF SHE
WAS ABLE TO CROSS ME THIS TROUBLE, THEN EVERY-
THING SHE SAID MUST BE TRUE! FROM NOW ON, I'VE
GOT TO BE CAREFUL NOT TO LIGHT ANY FIRES!



STAYING IN THE AREA...

CAN YOU GIVE ME
A LIGHT, BOND?

NO—NO! I CAN'T!
I—I CAN'T LIGHT
A MATCH!



RON... SOMETHING'S BOTHERING YOU... I CAN'T HELP BUT NOTICE THE STRAIN YOU'RE UNDER... AND I THINK IT MIGHT DO YOU GOOD IF YOU WENT AWAY FOR A REST.

Y-YES... I—I GUESS SO. I'LL GET AWAY FROM THE CITY, RENT A COTTAGE SOMEWHERE.



IN TWO DAYS, RONALD WAS IN A SMALL TOWN... WONDERING IF HE WOULD EVEN ESCAPE THE FATE HE'D BRUGHT UPON HIMSELF. THEN, AS HE LOOKED AT THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER...

AH AD... FOR A SEANCE... AND IT'S GIVEN BY MADAME KHAL! SHE'S RIGHT HERE... IN THIS TOWN!



A STROKE OF CHANCE... OR WAS IT CHANCE? RONALD DIDN'T STOP TO THINK.



THIS IS THE PLACE! SHE MUST HELP ME!

BEFORE HE EVEN HAD A CHANCE TO ENTER...

MR. COLBY! THIS IS A SURPRISE! WON'T YOU COME IN?

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME... THE RING... THE HORRIBLE CREATURES...



I SHALL DO MY BEST, MR. COLBY, TAKE A SEAT AT THE TABLE, AND THE SEANCE WILL BEGIN WHEN I CONTACT THE SPIRIT WORLD, I MAY RECEIVE THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION...



MADAME KHAL, MUMBLED UNUSUAL WORDS, AND A WEIRD LIGHT GLOWED FILLED THE ROOM, LIGHTING THE FACES OF THE OTHERS AROUND THE TABLE. IT WAS THEN THAT RONALD KNEW...

GET AWAY FROM ME... ALL OF YOU! YOU'RE DEAD... DEAD!

W—IT CAN'T BE! I KNOW ALL OF YOU! YOU—YOU'RE DEAD! YOU'RE PEOPLE I WROTE ABOUT IN MY COLUMN... PEOPLE I HARMED!



SUDDENLY, A HORRIBLE TRANSFORMATION TOOK PLACE / THE FIGURES DISAPPEARED, AND IN THEIR PLACE



ASHHHH! MORE
CREATURES OF EVIL!

SHUTTY WAS HARBORING BY A SHRED WHEN RONALD COLE REACHED FOR THE CREATOR OF HIS TERROR.



IT'S YOU... YOU DID
THIS TO ME / EITHER
YOU TELL ME HOW TO
GET RID OF THESE—
THESE THINGS...OR
I'LL KILL YOU!

THERE—
THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY!

YOU'VE GOT TO GO BACK TO THE CITY AND
USE YOUR CLOUDBS FOR GOOD, INSTEAD OF
EVIL. FOR EACH GOOD YOU DO, THE RING
WILL LOOSEN A LITTLE. THEN, EVENTUALLY,
I'LL TELL YOU THE SECRET INCANTATION
THAT WILL TAKE IT OFF COMPLETELY.



ALL RIGHT...I'LL
GO! BUT YOU MUST
GO WITH ME!

TERROR ROSE WITH THEM AS THEY BOTH GOT INTO RONALD'S CAR AND STARTED BACK TO THE CITY THEN HE PULLED TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AND STOPPED.



WHY ARE YOU
STOPPING HERE?

BECAUSE I'M NOT WAITING ANY
LONGER. EITHER YOU TELL ME
THE INCANTATION NOW, OR I'LL
KILL YOU ON THE SPOT!

BUT IT WON'T DO YOU
ANY GOOD TO KILL ME,
BECAUSE THEN YOU'LL
SURELY DIE IN A FIRE
OF YOUR OWN
MAKING!

I'M NOT
INTERESTED
IN YOUR
MUMBO-JAMBO
TALK NOW! I
WANT THAT
INCANTATION!



HESITANTLY, ANDRANE ROSE TOLD HIM THE SECRET WORDS, AND AS RONALD REPEATED THEM...



IT'S WORKING!
THE RING IS
LOOSENSING!

WHAT ARE
YOU GOING TO
DO NOW?

THIS!



SUDDENLY, THE KING FIGHTENED ON HIS FINGER AGAIN! AND...

NO! THE CREATURES!

BUT THIS TIME, THEY REACHED OUT FOR HIM...

STOP/STOP! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

THEY PULLED... AND THE ARMY WAS ALMOST UNRECOVERABLE! DOWN HE WENT... AND THE PAIN PASSED THROUGH HIS BODY IN NEVER-ENDING WAVES.



SATAN... THAT'S RIGHT! AND HERE YOU ARE, AS I PREDICTED, IN A FIRE OF YOUR OWN MAKING! AND NOW, YOUR FAMILIARS WILL DISPOSE OF YOU!

UNTIL...

WHERE HAVE YOU TAKEN ME? WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE HADES WHEN YOU SEE IT?

KHAL! YOU — YOU'RE...

NO...NO! DON'T LET THEM...

IT'S TOO LATE, MY FRIEND... MUCH TOO LATE!

STRANGE COMPANION

As near as anyone can place it, it was about twenty years ago, just about the time Angus got married—or maybe it was just a little afterward—that Angus Larnon first acquired his “beogie” bird.

In the town of McWard, they called Angus “Doc Larnon,” although he didn’t possess a medical degree. Actually, he was a gentleman farmer in the best English tradition, a square growing fat around the middle. But instead of following the fox hunt, Angus had another hobby. He had a passion for medicine, anatomy, or anything that concerned the human body. In fact, his interest went all the way back to the Middle Ages.

That was the time he came back from a weekend in London, toting two massive, dusty-looking old volumes. He was carrying them when he got off the train and headed straight for the village apothecary. There he drew out a list and handed it to old Mr. Smith.

“I want these chemicals,” he said, “and in exactly the quantities I’ve indicated.”

Mr. Smith, who’s a bit of a noisy creature, ran his eyes over the list, and then did his gaze over to the two books Angus had rested on the counter. “Going in for a bit of black magic, Angus?” Mr. Smith asked.

“Nothing of the sort,” Angus blustered, “just some old books I picked up in London.” Then Angus got sore. “None of your affairs, anyway,” he said, “just take care of my business, and be quick about it.”

Nobody paid much attention to that, either, when Mr. Smith told about it. Everybody had Angus Larnon rubbed for a bit of a fool. That isn’t waste his time, trying to find a magical way for doing things! But everybody knew that Angus had fixed-up a big laboratory in the basement of his house. It was common knowledge, both because of the lights that burned at the big mantle late at night, and too, because the servants made no bones about talking of it—and telling how it was the one place Angus allowed no one to enter.

Well, folks thought Angus had changed his ways when he brought home a wife. As I’ve said, that was close on to twenty years ago. Angus had gone to Paris for the Christmas holidays, and then he stayed away six months—which was unusual for Angus, close as he was with the dollar. And then the day he got off the train, she came with

him, a pretty little French girl, cute and pert, as a bird.

She was all dressed up in the chic, fashionable manner of a Parisian model despite her positiveness. Her movements were quick and bright, and it looked as though she were just the one to put some color in Angus Larnon’s life.

Rosamere was her name, and for a while Angus squored her around town, posed as a peacock, showing her off and talking more to the townspeople in those next few months than he had all the rest of his life. She was a friendly sort, and in the beginning everyone liked her. She admired everything she saw in the shops, asked and asked and clapped her hands like a child in delight when Angus indulged her and bought her whatever she wanted.

But after a while it became a little tiring. There was something grasping and avensitive about that birdlike soul, and something very strong in her constant use of gaze at every expensive thing she saw for sale. Angus must have gotten tired of it all too, for after a while he wasn’t so quick to pull out his wallet without even asking the price. And then she’d turn sullen. More and more often, when Angus would turn away from her, she’d turn sullen.

“But, Angus, I want that. It will make me happy!” she’d pout.

And finally the day came when Mr. McPherson repeated what had happened outside his place when she stopped to look at a jeweled pin he’d displayed.

“Nothing will make you happy,” Angus had declared in answer to her demands. “Not me neither” so long as you’re around!”

With that he’d walked off, and after a moment of furious indecision, she’d walked off after him. It didn’t take long, either, for talk of the bickering and nagging that was going on up at the manor to seep down to town. It seemed she never gave Angus a moment’s peace.

And then the lights in Angus’s laboratory started showing late at night again. They’d hadn’t been on at all since the day he’d brought Rosamere home. But now anyone up late could see them shining almost as dawn.

And finally there was the night that the servants heard the famous quarrel that took place between Angus Larnon and his bride of eight months.

"I'm leaving you, Angus Lamon," she answered. "I won't stay another night, wife to a tight shirt-flare like you. I was made for parties and fun and laughter and beautiful clothes. I won't be shut up in this mummy, dead old place with the likes of you!"

And Angus was heard to reply from behind the closed library door, "You'll never leave me, Rosamund. We're married, and we'll stay that way till death do us part. I have no love for you, but you're staying with me, no matter what I have to do to tame you."

But evidently Angus couldn't hold his bride, because the next morning the servants reported that she was gone. There was no sight of her in the manor, and it could only be thought that somehow she'd sneaked out and taken the 3.00 a.m. train back to London while Angus was asleep.

Angus seemed to take his loss well, or at least he never spoke of it, nor did anyone dare mention it to him. But now he spent all of his time in the laboratory, and he seemed to look happier and less troubled with his bride-like wife gone.

It was about a month after that that Angus acquired the boogie bird. He'd gone up to London again for a holiday, and he returned on the late night train, and no one saw him get back. But in the morning, he had the boogie bird. He scolded down to breakfast, and the bird sat on his shoulder. It was a beautiful thing, something that never in our village had ever seen before. It was small and sleek, with black shining feathers in perfect array. Its little beak was possibly lifed and its sharp eyes seemed forever to survey the scene, taking in everything.

In fact, the servants said that until they became used to it, it gave them a queer feeling to see that bird watching them, as though there were some sort of intelligence going on in that small bird head.

Angus had gotten or fashioned a long, delicate silver chain that went around one of the bird's legs, the other end anchoring his wing so that the bird could not fly away.

And from the first, Angus seemed to have a great attachment for his bird. He'd feed it scraps of food from his plate, stroking its delicate feathers, and after a while he became a familiar figure, strolling the streets of the village once more, stopping over so often to peer into the windows.

"Now, my pet," he'd say fondly to his boogie bird, "how do you like that necklace? Wouldn't it be becoming to a fine lady? Wouldn't it make her look beautiful, though?"

The bird would say nothing, but somehow villagers got the feeling it understood what Angus was saying. It would look anxiously at the necklace, and then at Angus, and back at the necklace again until he'd walk on. It really seemed to look as though that bird had become his whole interest

in life, now that Rosamund was gone.

And one day, on a public, Angus went into the jewelry store and purchased a huge diamond which he had placed on a slender gold chain. He had this placed around the boogie bird's neck, and there it hung, resplendent, a sign of his affection.

Angus had stopped working in his laboratory again, and the servants reported that he kept his boogie bird in Rosamund's old room. He'd moved the bed out, and he'd had erected a circular, golden cage in which the boogie bird was kept when Angus was away. The cage was appointed as luxuriously as some wealthy woman's boudoir, but only Angus was permitted to tend to the needs of his precious bird. And all around the boogie bird's room hung the elaborate, gorgeous gowns that Rosamund had left behind her that night she'd fled from Angus.

So twenty years passed, and there was perfect harmony with no woman replacing Rosamund in Angus's life. He grew older, a little grayer, a little thicker around the middle with the passage of time. And his boogie bird grew queerer, less sprightly, but still a beautiful thing to see.

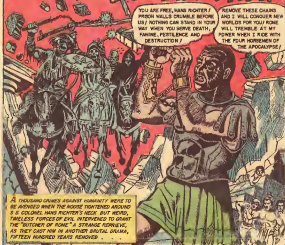
And then Angus Lamon died. It was an unhappy and unnecessary accident. As it was recounted, what had happened was that Angus, taking his boogie bird upstairs to bed it down for the night, had not noticed that the bird had dropped from its neck the pendant that always swung around it. And, somewhere, the pendant had fallen just at the top of the stairs. And Angus, starting to go down again, had stepped on it in the darkness, and tripped, falling down the stairs and breaking his neck.

Angus was dead when the servants discovered him the next morning. They then brought of the boogie bird. The poor thing would be half-dead itself for lack of food and water. They went into the bedroom and then, as they approached the gold cage, they stopped in shocked horror. For there, lying within the cage, lifeless, was the recognizable form of Rosamund. Although she was apparently twenty years older, there was no doubt. Small, mottled black feathers lay around her, and from one still slender ankle there trailed a recognizable length of silver chain.

They were still bewildered by this mystery when they thought to investigate Angus's long-unused laboratory. And there they found the ancient book on black magic just as Angus had left it that night twenty years ago. On the opened page before them they read, "*To long as the practitioner shall live the object of his black magic shall exist, and then return to normal form . . .*" And then they read the heading of that particular chapter, *ALCHEMY FOR CHANGING THE HUMAN FORM TO FOWL, AND PLACING THE HUMAN SOUL THEREIN*—and in the margin in Angus's handwriting was his excited notation: "*I have succeeded!*"

—END—

Minion of the BLOODY HORSEMEN



YOU ARE FREE, HANS RICHTER! PRISON WALLS CRUMBLE BEFORE US! NOTHING CAN STAND IN YOUR WAY WHEN YOU SERVE DEATH, FAME, FERTILITY AND DESTRUCTION!

REMOVE THESE CHAINS AND I WILL CONQUER NEW WORLDS FOR YOU! NONE WILL TREMBLE AT MY POWER WHEN I RIDE WITH THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE!

A THOUSAND CAUSES AGAINST HUMANITY WERE TO BE AVENGED WHEN THE HORSE TIGHTENED AROUND S. S. COLONEL HANS RICHTER'S NECK! BUT HEARD, FEARLESS FORCES OF EVIL INTERVENED TO GRANT THE "BUTCHER OF ROME" A STRANGE RESPIRE, AS THEY CAST HIM IN ANOTHER BRUTAL DRAMA, FIFTEEN HUNDRED YEARS REMOVED.

A STRANGE SCENE OF FATE AND EFFECTS: THE UNLIKELY FACT BETWEEN RICHTER AND THE GREAT FOUR HORSEMEN, FOR, AS S. S. COLONEL HANS RICHTER AWAITED SENTENCING BY THE HIGHEST ALLIED TRIBUNAL, IN AUGUST, 1945....

AT DAWN, AS RICHTER WAS LED THROUGH THE ANCIENT FORM TO THE APPOINTED EXECUTION SPOT. . .

"I WILL NOT DIE DISHONORABLY! I WILL FORCE THEM TO SHOOT ME! THIS IS MY CHANCE!"



HANS RICHTER, BUTCHER OF ROME! FOR YOUR BRUTAL CRIMES YOU ARE CONDEMNED TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK, LIKE A COMMON MURDERER!

NO! NO! I AM A SOLDIER! I DEMAND EXECUTION ACCORDING TO MILITARY FASHION, BY A FIRING SQUAD!





Suddenly in view of the gallows, Richter seized a guard's pistol...

YOU SAY? / I SAID YOU WOULD NOT HARM ME!

SEIZE HIM / DO NOT LET THE FUGITIVE ESCAPE!



Richter gained the shelter of the forum ruins, but as pursuit came closer...

THU! I MUST FIND A BETTER HIDING PLACE!



AAAH! I AM FALLING! / AAAAIEEE!



When the carabiniere closed in...

A FINE MOMENT TO ESCAPE JUST A FEW MINUTES BEFORE EXECUTION TIME! / WE MUST FIND HIM IF WE HAVE TO MOVE EVERY STONE IN THE FORUM!



STUNNED AND DROGGY, Richter awoke to spine-chilling surroundings... FOR HE FOUND HIMSELF BACK MANY CENTURIES IN TIME...

WHA! WHERE AM I? THE CARABINIERI... THOSE LAST SHOTS? HOW DID I GET HERE?



As Richter raised his dazed head...

WE HAVE SNATCHED YOU FROM THE GALLONS IN YOUR TIME, TO BRING YOU TO ANCIENT ROME! / WE NEED YOU. I AM DESTRUCTION AND THESE ARE MY BRETHREN!



DO NOT FEAR US! YOU ARE ONE OF OUR KIND! IF YOU SERVE US WELL, YOU SHALL BECOME THE MOST POWERFUL FIGURE IN THE ROMAN WORLD!

FOR ABSOLUTE POWER, I WOULD SERVE ANY MASTER! / I ACCEPT YOUR OFFER!



NAKED STEEL FLASHED AS RICHTER RESISTED ARREST, AND AT HIS SIDE FOUGHT AN UNSEEN INVINCIBLE ALLY...



SURROUNDED BY THE EMPEROR'S LEONHARTS, RICHTER SURRENDERED...



BY THE GODS OF HIS UNIFORM, RICHTER WAS GIVEN ROMAN DRESS AND INTENTIONED...



EVEN AS THE WORDS LEFT RICHTER'S MOUTH...





YOUR TRIUMPHS
BEGIN, RICHTER!
YOU ARE FREE!
FOR YOU WILL
NEED AN ARMY!
ALL HAIL TO
DESTRUCTION!

WHAT BETTER
ARMY THAN THE
CARS OF CUT-
THROATS I RE-
LEASE THEM
AND THEY'LL
FOLLOW ME TO
THE ENDS OF
THE EARTH



WHEN
RICHTER
AP-
PEARED
HIMSELF
LEADER

TEAR DOWN THE PRISON
—FREE YOUR FELLOWS
AND FOLLOW ME TO
THE PALACE OF
THE EMPEROR

WELL, RICHTER
WANT LIBERATORS
OUR GENERAL!



AT THE GATES OF THE PALACE...

THE EMPEROR / BRING
FORTH THE EMPEROR!

I DEMAND AN
AUDIENCE WITH
HIS EXCELLENCY
AT ONCE! IF IT IS
NOT GRANTED, I
CANNOT CONTROL
THE MOB MUCH
LONGER!



MEANWHILE, THE EMPEROR WAS HOLDING A COUNCIL RE-RE-

YOUR EXCELLENCY! MY SOLDIERS
CANNOT HOLD THE REBELS! THEY
ARE IMPLICATED BY THIS REBEL!

CALL OUT THE LEGION-
NAIRES! SLAUGHTER
THEM! I WILL NOT BOW
TO THIS
REBEL!



AWAY FROM THE TABLE!
ITS WEIGHT WILL
CRUSH YOU!

THE CHANCELLER
IS SWAYING! SOME
FORCE IS TEARING
IT DOWN!



DESTRUCTION FALLS UPON US
JUST AS RICHTER PREDICTED!
I MUST GIVE HIM AN
ANSWER!

IT'S HORRIBLE,
HORRIBLE! GRANT
HIM ANYTHING BEFORE
SOMETHING WORSE
HAPPENS!

QUICKLY, RICHTER PRESSED HIS ADVANTAGE...



I WILL NOT STAND IN YOUR WAY, RICHTER!
TAKE THIS— THIS LEGION OF THIEVES AND
CUTTHROATS / I WILL OUTFIT
THEM FOR MY
CAMPAIGN
YOU WISH!

WE WILL GO TO
AFRICA AND BRING GLORY
BACK TO HOME! BUT THERE
IS ONE PRICE I WANT WHEN
I RETURN VICTORIOUS—
YOUR DAUGHTER!



MY DAUGHTER? NEVER!
SHE IS A NOBLE /
FAR ABOVE YOUR VILE
STATION! I WILL
NOT...

FATHER, REMEMBER
WE ARE WINING
POWER NOW! I
CONSENT TO BE
HIS BRIDE WHEN
HE RETURNS, BUT
MAY HE DIE A
THOUSAND TIMES
BEFORE HE SETS
FOOT IN HOME
AGAIN!



IT HAD GALLEYS RIGHTER AND HIS LEGION SET SAIL
FOR AFRICA...

AFRICA LIES AHEAD!
WE SHALL LEAD YOUR ARMIES, RIGHTER!
THE WEALTH OF AFRICA SHALL BE
YOURS! AND WHEREVER YOU TRAVEL
SHALL BE DISASTER AND RUN!

AND WHEN
I RETURN,
HOME SHALL
BE AT MY
FEET!



STENOUM HAS FALLEN!
VICTORY IS OURS! LOOT THE
CITY AND DESTROY ALL WHO
RESIST!

DRIVE THE SLAVES
AWAY! I'LL GIVE YOU
DEATH NOT AHEAD!

PLAGUE HAS STRUCK
US! MY TROOPS ARE
FALLING LIKE FLIES.
WE MUST RETURN
TO THE SHIPS!

BREAD, BREAD
...WE ARE
STARVING!

BUT PESTILENCE ATTACKS EVEN
VICTORS, AND SO RIGHTER'S STUCKEN
LEGION RETURNED TO THE GALLEYS...



HALF MY ARMY IS LOST!
CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING TO
END THIS CURSED
PLAGUE?

SUCH IS THE
FATE OF
ARMIES,
RIGHTER! WHAT
DO YOU CARE?
WE WILL BRING
YOU TO HOME
VICTORIOUS!

DAIS WERE BARRIC AS
THE WINDS DIED...



NOW, YOU MISERABLE
VERMIN, OR I'LL Toss YOU
INTO THE SEA!

AAAAHHH!

WHEN THE WHISTLY VOYAGE WAS
DONE...



YOU SEE, RIGHTER,
I TOLD YOU
WE WOULD
RETURN TO
HOME!

YES, BUT WITH
HALF MY
LEGION DEAD
AND THE
BEST
STREPPERS,
I SEE NO
SIGN OF
WELCOME
OR ROYAL
CELEBRATION

THERE WAS NO GREETING FOR
RICHTER AS HIS LEGION DISMOUNTED.

TAKE COMMAND,
LIEUTENANT! I AM
GONE TO THE PALACE
TO DEMAND A
CONQUEROR'S
WELCOME!

IF I CAN HOLD
THE LEGION
TOGETHER,
GENERAL?



AT THE PALACE...

BOTH THE EMPIRE CRUMBLING
YOU ASK FOR A RECEPTION?
YOU, WHO HAVE BROUGHT ONLY
DEATH AND DESTRUCTION
TO ROME!

I DEMAND
MY PRIZE!
YOUR
DAUGHTER
WAS PROMISED
TO ME!



I WILL KEEP THE BARBARIAN,
RICHTER! HAY HAY! THERE! NO!
NO ONE ELSE WILL HAVE ME! NOW!
HA! HA!

AM I? COME NO
NEARER! GET AWAY
FROM ME, YOU
FLAME-ROSEN
HAD!



HIS DAUGHTER'S DEATH ANGERED THE EMPEROR FAST
ALL CAUTION.

ONLY YOUR HEAD ON MY SWORD
WILL SATISFY ME! ROME WILL
BE SAVED BY YOUR DEATH!

FUT UP YOUR SWORD!
YOU CANNOT KILL ME!
I AM UNCONQUERABLE!



AAAH! I DIE!
THEN LET ROME
PERISH WITH ME!

YOU FOOL! NOW YOUR
CROWN SHALL PASS TO
ME AND ROME SHALL
REBORN!



AS RICHTER PROCLAIMED HIMSELF AN EMPEROR.

THIS IS MY GREATEST HOUR!
BUT WHERE IS MY COUNTRY?
MY LEGIONS? WHO DOES
REHONOR? MUST I
ALWAYS FIGHT YOUR
BEASTLY UNLAWFUL
ALONE?

BE CAREFUL, RICHTER!
DON'T CAST ASIDE THOSE
WHO BROUGHT
YOU TO
POWER!



I DON'T NEED YOU ANY-
MORE! GET OUT OF MY
SIGHT! I'LL FIND MY
LIGHT AND BRING CROWN
TO ROME!

WE SERVED EACH
OTHER WELL... AND
NOW YOU DEFEAT US!
REWARD, RICHTER!
WE WILL MEET
AGAIN!



**THE OLD KNIGHT SEARCHED HIS
LEADERS THROUGH THE
DISPERSED OBJECTS**



MY
ARMIES
HAVE
WISHED
(PART) ...
I CANNOT
FIND THEM!
THAT CROWD
WHAT ARE
THEY
SHOUTING!

DEATH TO THE
TYRANT! THERE
HE IS! AFTER
HIM! WE'LL
TAKE HIM TO
THE STONE PIT!



THEY'VE TURNED
ON ME! IF THAT
KID GRABS ME
THEY'LL TEAR ME
TO PIECES! I
MUST RUN FOR
MY LIFE!

BUT EACH NEW KNIGHT TURNED...

THEY COME... (PANT)
FROM ALL SIDES!
I MUST HIDE! HIDE!
THAT HOLE THERE!
MAYBE THEY WON'T
NOTICE ME!



DEATH TO
RIGHTER! DEATH
TO THE TYRANT!
DOWN WITH THE
DESTRUCTOR OF
ROME!

Suddenly the top of his spine

NORTON'S HOME! IN THE
PIT? YAAA, WE HAVE HIM!
BRING THE STONES!



NO! NO! MERCY! I
DID NOTHING! IT WAS
THOSE FRIENDS... THE
FOUR HORSEMEN WHO
STAND AMONG YOU!

BREAK EVERY BONE IN HIS
BODY! MORE STONES! YAA,
THE TYRANT IS DEAD!



AAAAAEE!

**Back in the Roman Forum, the CAVALRYMEN WHO
HAD SEARCHED FOR HOURS WERE SUDDENLY ALERTED...**

WE HUNTED FOR HOURS!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND HOW
HE DISAPPEARED!



LOOK... THAT OLD PALACE
WILL FALL! HURRY!
RIGHTER MAY BE THERE!

When the dust settled, the search was over...

STONES TO DEATH! JUST LIKE
THEY DID TO THE CRIMINALS OF
ANCIENT ROME! THERE COULDN'T
BE A MORE FITTING EXECUTION!



WHATEVER EVIL
POWERS HE HAD
WERE FINALLY
OVERTAKEN HIM!

THE END

Need Extra Spending Money?

HERE'S \$50
TO USE AS YOU PLEASE!

It's Fun to
Earn Money
the Easy
Stuart Way!

Take Easy Orders For STUART CHRISTMAS CARDS

Why not get all those things your heart is set on with money you earn by yourself? You can do it quickly and easily in your spare time! All you do is show our gorgeous greeting card samples for Christmas, birthdays and other year 'round occasions. We send you the samples on approval. Friends, neighbors, relatives, almost everybody buys on sight. You make sensational cash profits—fast!

YOU NEED NO EXPERIENCE TO EARN!

Exciting new 21-Card Christmas Assortment at \$1 is a bargain that sells itself. Yet you keep up to \$49 of each \$1 as your quick, cash profit! Sell 100 boxes to folks you know and \$50 is yours! Low-priced Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards. All Occasion Assortments, Stationery and many other fast sellers make still more money for you!

GET SAMPLES ON FREE TRIAL!

Send us money! We'll send you valuable sample assortments on approval for FREE TRIAL. Act fast and we'll also include Samples of Personalized money-makers FREE. Just fill out and mail coupon.

You, Too, Can
Make Money For The
Things You
Really
Want!

It's Easy To Make Money... Look At These Exceptional Selling Records

R.W.C., Denver, Colo. made \$41.00;
R.C., St. Louis, Mo. made \$30.00
J.B., Minneapolis, Wis. made \$18.00
A.B., Chicago, Ill. made \$16.00
R.B., Midway, Mass. made \$15.00
B.J., Boston, Colo. made \$11.00
S.A., Dallas, Texas made \$10.00
W.A., Goodland, Ind. made \$10.00

CLUB MEMBERS!

Your organization can earn hundreds of dollars with the easy, proven STUART fund-raising plan. Send coupon for full details.

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YES! I want to earn extra spending money. Please send details with Assortments on approval and Personalized Samples FREE.

Name

Address

City & State

If for a club, give its name above.